Numb. 16

The TATLER.

By *Iſaac Bickerſtaff* Eſq;

Quicquid agunt Homines noſtri Farrago Libelli.

From *Saturday May* 14. to *Tueſday May* 17. 1709.

White's Chocolate-Houſe, May 15.

SIR *Thomas*, of this Houſe, has ſhow'd me ſome Letters from the *Bath*, which give Accounts of what paſſes among the good Company of that Place; and allow'd me to tranſcribe one of 'em, that ſeems to be writ by ſome of Sir *Thomas*'s particular Acquaintance, and is as follows:

Dear Knight,

I Deſire you would give my humble Service to all our Friends, which I ſpeak of to you (out of Method) in the very Beginning of my Epiſtle, leſt the preſent Diſorders, by which this Seat of Gallantry and Pleaſure is torn to Pieces, ſhould make me forget it. You keep ſo good Company, that you know *Bath* is ſtock'd with ſuch as come hither to be reliev'd from luxuriant Health, or imaginary Sickneſs, and conſequently is always as well ſtow'd with Gallants as Invalids, who live together in a very good Underſtanding. But the Seaſon is ſo early, that our fine Company is not yet arriv'd; and the Warm Bath, which in Heathen Times was dedicated to *Venus*, is now us'd only by ſuch as really want it for Health's Sake. There are however a good many Strangers, among whom are Two ambitious Ladies, who being both in their Autumnal Time of Life, take the Opportunity of placing themſelves at the Head of ſuch as we are, before the *Chloe*'s, *Clariſſa*'s, and *Paſtorella*'s come down. One of theſe Two is exceſſively in Pain, that the Ugly Being call'd *Time* has Wings ſo ſwift, that he will make Wrinkles in Spite of the Lead Forehead-Cloth; and therefore hides, with the Gaiety of her Air, the Volubility of her Tongue, and Quickneſs of her Motion, the Injuries which he has done her. The other Lady is but two Years behind her in Life, and dreads as much being laid aſide as the former: Conſequently, has taken the neceſſary Precautions to prevent her Reign over us. But ſhe is very diſcreet, and wonderfully turn'd for Ambition, being never apparently tranſported either with Affection or Malice. Thus, while *Florimel* is talking in Publick, and ſpreading her Graces in Aſſemblies, to gain a Popular Dominion over our Diverſions, *Prudentia* viſits very cunningly all the Lame, the Splenatick, and the Superannuated, who have their diſtinct Claſſes of Followers and Friends. Among theſe, ſhe has found that ſome body has ſent down printed Certificates of *Florimel*'s Age, which ſhe has read and diſtributed to this unjoyful Set of People, who are always Enemies to thoſe in Poſſeſſion of the good Opinion of the Company. This unprovok'd Injury done by *Prudentia*, was the firſt Occaſion of our fatal Diviſions here, and a Declaration of War between theſe Rivals. *Florimel* has abundance of Wit, which ſhe has laviſh'd in decrying *Prudentia*, and giving Defiance to her little Arts. For an Inſtance of her ſuperior Power, ſhe beſpoke the Play of *Alexander the Great*, to be acted by the Company of Strollers, and deſired us all to be there on *Thurſday* laſt. When ſhe ſpoke to me to come, *As you are*, ſaid ſhe, *a Lover, you will not fail the Death of* Alexander: *The Paſſion of Love is wonderfully hit*— Statira! *Oh that happy Woman*— *To have a Conqueror at her Feet*— *But you'll be ſure to be there.* I, and ſeveral others, reſolv'd to be of her Party. But ſee the irreſiſtible Strength of that unſuſpected Creature, a *Silent Woman*. *Prudentia* had counterplotted us, and had beſpoke on the ſame Evening the Poppet-Show of *The Creation of the World*. She had engag'd every Body to be there, and, to turn our Leader into Ridicule, had ſecretly let 'em know, that the Poppet *Eve* was made the moſt like *Florimel* that ever was ſeen. On *Thurſday* Morning, the Poppet-Drummer, *Adam*, and *Eve*, and ſeveral others who liv'd before the Flood, paſs'd through the Streets on Horſeback, to invite us all to the Paſtime, and the Repreſentation of ſuch Things as we all knew to be true; and Mr. Mayor was ſo wiſe as to prefer theſe innocent People the Poppets, who, he ſaid, were to repreſent Chriſtians, before the wicked Players, who were to ſhow *Alexander*, an Heathen Philoſopher. To be ſhort, this *Prudentia* had ſo laid it, that at Ten of Clock Footmen were ſent to take Places at the Poppet-Show, and all we of *Florimel*'s Party were to be out of Faſhion, or deſert her. We choſe the latter. All the World crowded to *Prudentia*'s Houſe, becauſe it was giv'n out, no body could get in. When we came to *Noah*'s Flood in the Show, *Punch* and his Wife were introduc'd dancing in the Ark. An honeſt plain Friend of *Florimel*'s, but a Critick withall, roſe up in the midſt of the Repreſentation, and made many very good Exceptions to the *Drama* it ſelf, and told us, That it was againſt all Morality, as well as Rules of the Stage, that *Punch* ſhould be in Jeſt in the Deluge, or indeed that he ſhould appear at all. This was certainly a juſt Remark, and I thought to ſecond him; but he was hiſs'd by *Prudentia*'s Party; upon which really, Sir *Thomas*, we who were his Friends hiſs'd him too. Old Mrs. *Petulant* deſir'd both her Daughters to mind the Moral; then whiſper'd Mrs. Mayoreſs, *This is very proper for young People to ſee. Punch* at the End of the Play made Madam *Prudentia* a Compliment, and was very civil to the whole Company, making Bows till his Buttons touch'd the Ground. All was carried triumphantly againſt our Party. In the mean Time *Florimel* went to the Tragedy, dreſs'd as fine as Hands could make her, in Hopes to ſee *Prudentia* pine away with Envy: Inſtead of that, ſhe ſat a full Hour alone, and at laſt was entertain'd with this whole Relation from *Statira*, who wip'd her Eyes with her Tragical-cut Handkerchief, and lamented the Ignorance of the Quality. *Florimel* was ſtung with this Affront, and the next Day beſpoke the Poppet-Show. *Prudentia*, inſolent with Power, beſpoke *Alexander*. The whole Company came then to *Alexander*. Madam *Petulant* deſir'd her Daughters to mind the Moral, and be-

believe no Man's fair Words; *For you'l see, Children,* said she, *these Soldiers are never to be depended upon; they are sometimes here, sometimes there.-- Don't you see, Daughter* Betty, *Colonel* Clod, *our next Neighbour in our County, pulls off his Hat to you? Court'sie, good Child, his Estate is just by us. Florimel* was now mortified down to *Prudentia*'s Humour, and *Prudentia* exalted into hers. This was observ'd: *Florimel* invites us to the Play a Second Time, *Prudentia* to the Show. See the Uncertainty of Human Affairs! The Beaux, the Wits, the Gamesters, the Prues, the Coquets, the Valetudinarians, and Gallants, all now wait upon *Florimel*. This is the State of Things at this present Date; and if there happens any new Commotions, you shall have immediate Advice from,

SIR,

Your Affectionate Friend and Servant.

Bath, May 11. 1709.

To CASTABELLA.

Madam,

I have the Honour of a Letter from a Friend of yours, relating to an Incivility done you at the Opera, by one of your own Sex; but I, who was an Eye-witness of the Accident, can testify to you, that tho' she press'd before you, she lost her Ends in that Design; for she was taken Notice of for no other Reason, but her Endeavours to hide a finer Woman than her self. But indeed, I dare not go further in this Matter than just this bare Mention; for tho' it was taking your Place of Right, rather than Place of Precedence, yet it is so tender a Point, and such as on which the very Life of Female Ambition depends, that it is of the last Consequence to meddle in it: All my Hopes are from your beautiful Sex; and those bright Eyes, which are the Bane of others, are my only Sun-shine. My Writings are sacred to you; and I hope, I shall always have the good Fortune to live under your Protection; therefore take this publick Opportunity to signify to all the World, That I design to forbear any Thing that may in the least tend to the Diminution of your Interest, Reputation, or Power. You'll therefore forgive me, that I strive to conceal any Wrong Step made by any who have the Honour to wear Petticoats; and shall at all Times do what is in my Power, to make all Mankind as much their Slaves as my self. If they would consider Things as they ought, there needs not much Argument to be used to convince 'em, that it is their Fate to be obedient to you, and that your greatest Rebels do only serve with a worse Grace.

I am,

MADAM,

Your most Obedient, and most Humble Servant,

May 16th.

ISAAC BICKERSTAFF.

St James's Coffee-house, May 16.

Letters from the *Hague*, bearing Date the 21st Instant, *N. S.* advise, That his Grace the Duke of *Marlborough*, having been kept off at Sea for the Space of three Days, arrived there on *Saturday* last in the Morning. His Grace immediately sent his Secretary to the President and the Pensionary, to acquaint them with his Arrival. Soon after, these Ministers visited the Duke, and made him Compliments in the Name of the States General; after which they enter'd into a Conference with him on the present Posture of Affairs, and gave his Grace Assurances of the firm Adherence of the States to the Alliance: At the same Time acquainting him, That all Overtures of Peace were rejected, 'till they had an Opportunity of acting in Concert with their Allies on that Subject. After this Interview, the Pensionary and the President return'd to the Assembly of the States. Monsieur *Torsi* has had a Conference at the Pensioner's House with his Grace the Duke of *Marlborough*, Prince *Eugene*, and his Excellency the Lord *Townshend*. The Result of what was debated at that Time is kept secret; but there appears an Air of Satisfaction and good Understanding between these Ministers. We are apt also to give our selves very hopeful Prospects from Monsieur *Torsi*'s being employ'd in this Negotiation, who has been always remarkable for a particular Way of Thinking, in his Sense, of the Greatness of *France*; which he has always said, *Was to be promoted rather by the Arts of Peace, than those of War.* His delivering himself freely on this Subject, has formerly appear'd an unacceptable Way to Power in that Court; but in its present Circumstances, those Maxims are better receiv'd; and it is thought a certain Argument of the Sincerity of the *French* King's Intentions, that this Minister is at present made use of. The Marquis is to return to *Paris* within few Days, who has sent a Courier thither to give Notice of the Reasons of his Return, that the Court may be the sooner able to dispatch Commissions for a formal Treaty.

The Expectations of Peace are increas'd by Advices from *Paris* of the 17th Instant, which say, the Dauphin hath alter'd his Resolution of commanding in *Flanders* the ensuing Campaign. The *Saxon* and *Prussian* Reinforcements, together with Count *Merci*'s Regiment of Imperial Horse, are encamp'd in the Neighbourhood of *Brussels*; and sufficient Stores of Corn and Forage are transported to that Place and *Ghent* for the Service of the Confederate Army.

They write from *Mons*, That the Elector of *Bavaria* had Advice, that an advanc'd Party of the *Portugueze* Army had been defeated by the *Spaniards*.

We hear from *Languedoc*, That their Corn, Olives and Figs, were wholly destroyed; but that they have a hopeful Prospect of a plentiful Vintage.

Advertisements.

WHereas many false and spurious Editions of a late Poem, intitled, MUSCIPULA. By Mr. Holdsworth, of Magd. Col. Oxon. have been lately publish'd: These are to certify, that the Genuine Copy will be publish'd on Monday next, with large Additions and Corrections: To which will be prefix'd, a Representation of the Cambrian Paradise, curiously engraven. Printed for E. Curll, at the Peacock without Temple-Bar.

N. B. The Author is now in Town, and corrects the Press himself.

The Works of the Earls of Rochester, and Roscommon: To which is added, a Collection of Original Poems, by the most eminent Hands; among which are, Baucis and Philemon, Mrs. Harris's Petition, and Cupid's Contrivance: By the Author of the Tale of a Tub. Pr. 5 s. A new Edition, being the correctest Extant, of Petronius Arbiter. Pr. 1 s. 6 d. Both Printed for E. Curll.

*** Yesterday was Publish'd, for the Month of April, Atlas Geographus: Or, a compleat System of Geography, Ancient and Modern; with Two hundred new Maps and Cuts. This 12th Month contains Trent, with the Account of the Council there, Saltzburgh, Circle of Bavaria, Ratisbon, with a particular Account of the Diet, the Upper and Lower Palatinate, the Circles of Swabia, Franconia, &c. Wirtemberg, Mindelheim, &c. with a Map of all these Countries, and so down towards the Netherlands, which comes next Month. Printed by J. Nutt in the Savoy; and Sold by B. Barker, C. King, B. Tooke, W. Taylor, H. Clements, A. Bell, R. Parker, R. Smith, and J. Morphew near Stationers-Hall. Where may be had the preceding Months. Pr. 1 s. each. Those that take them in Monthly, are desir'd not to bind them till Europe be compleated, which will be in about 7 Months, and in which will be near 80 new Maps, Tables, and Cuts.

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